

defense the Commonwealth then allowed the witness to retire.

Lewis Beemer—Live in Fairfield Westmoreland Co., 9 miles north of Ligonier on the road to Stoytown; was working for Joe Eaton; went home that day; left after dinner; was working at mill at Jones Ankeny's; went home by road they called the pike; that was from Jernertown to Ligonier and Latrobe; worked about 2 1/2 miles from the pike; struck the pike at Hains' Church; turned southwest from church; met a man below the bend of the road at burnt house; can not say how far it is from Hains church; think it is five or six miles; did not know who he was; he went across the pike and went into the bushes; probably about two hundred yards more or less from the burnt house; probably about a hundred and fifty yards from that met a man with a six mule team; his name was Joe Stykel; met some one else a hundred and fifty to two hundred yards further; it was Dave Nicely; he is in the court. [Recognized by the witness] he was walking; coming east; did not stop; I was on the pike within five or six feet of him; it was between three and four o'clock; he had on an overcoat; and of a grayish color; [witness was shown overcoat but could not identify it positively; said it looked like the one worn by Dave Nicely; am acquainted with Dave Nicely; knew him when he and his brother kept bar in Westmoreland Co., about four years ago; saw him and on at Ligonier since that time; was accompanied by another man at the time I met Nicely; his name was Ed McCracken.

Cross-examined.—Can not say how often I have seen Dave Nicely at Ligonier; asked to him in the bar-room at National Hotel; left Jones Ankeny's in Somerset; family between twelve and one o'clock; could say I got to the school-house or church about two or a few minutes after; can not say how far it is from there to the hotel; know Charley McCracken; did not pass him on the road that day; went home and met Bill McIlvane and Ed Burnett; we went to the Presbyterian church; we had a carriage; it is probably about nine miles from Burnett's to the church; we got to the church about 18 minutes of 6 o'clock; we left Ed Burnett 18 minutes before; I did not look at my watch but McCracken did; when Dave Nicely passed did not see McCracken that I did not know who he was; he had on rubber boots; did not say anything to McCracken about the case; it was a foggy, misty day; there is little woods all along the pike; spoke about meeting Nicely first to my family; said to John O. Ranch after the hearing; first heard of the Unberger murder Friday night; Nicely had on a brown felt hat; would not call him a red-headed man; he was walking at a moderate rate.

Just before adjournment, in response to a question from Judge Baer, Mr. Coons said that the Commonwealth expected to have all their testimony in by Monday evening.

Court here adjourned until Monday morning at 8 o'clock.

PUBLIC MEETING.

There will be a meeting of the citizens of Somerset in the Court House this evening, at 8 o'clock, to make arrangements to gather supplies to be sent to the sufferers by the flood at Johnstown.

A RARE OFFER.

Take Advantage of It.

Her Boy will fit you with an Open Box, Sewing Machine case and a genuine American Movement for only \$6.00, including a fancy chain. Making in all a complete outfit, and worth fully \$8.00. We also have a complete line of Fine Jewelry, Gold Chains and Silverware, which we will sell at correspondingly low rates; the same including of Lace, Pine, Earrings, Bracelets, Pins and Collar Buttons, Thimbles, Finger Rings, Gold Pens and Pencils, Watch Chains, Chains, Lockets, etc. Also, Rogers' Triple Knives and Forks, at \$5.00 per set, of half dozen each; Rogers Tea and Table Spoons, Napkin Rings, etc. Antonio Nickel Clocks—Timers and Alarms—to be had for \$1.50 and \$2.50 at

HESS BROS.

The hats for the season as well as the trimmings are more stylish than for some years. The flowers are beautiful and so nearly imitate nature as to almost deceive the eye. We have an immense stock. Come and see it at

M. M. TREBELL & CO.

Band Wagon.

I have a band wagon with a seating capacity of 15 for sale. Any band needing a wagon can make a big bargain by calling on or addressing

F. W. KETTER, Somerset, Pa.

Five Brothers.

Prof. John, Dan, Italy, and Nick, now on at the store at

Ed. B. CORNORN.

When you can find all colors of ready made paint, and in any quantity you want, and in any shade the case; also, all kind of wood stains, like colors, paint brushes, and mixing brushes, at J. B. Holderbaum's Hardware Store, Somerset, Pa.

The Horror Grows!

The Half Can Never be Told.

ONE OF THE MOST POPULOUS AND PROSPEROUS INLAND CITIES OF THE STATE ALMOST ENTIRELY DEPOPULATED.

FROM 3,000 TO 7,000 LIVES LOST.

SCENES OF SUFFERING AND ANGUISH.

AN APPEAL FOR AID.

The civilized world will stand appalled as the details of the terrible disaster which befell Johnstown are flashed over the wires. The most vivid imagination can scarce conceive the horrors, the distress, the agony of suspense endured by the survivors of the calamity. A thousand wives, fathers, mothers, brothers or sisters out of entire families are left to bear their desolation alone. Happy in comparison, is the total extinction of families where none are left to suffer and endure. Days must elapse in hundreds of instances, before the torture of uncertainty will be ended by the re-union, or the misery of hopeless despair. The angry waters must first yield up their dead before lingering hope is extirpated from thousands of agonized hearts. Desolation sits at every remaining hearth-stone whose survivors, like Rachael mourning for her first born, refuse to be comforted. At this writing search is still progressing for living and the dead, and it is utterly impossible to arrive at an estimate of the probable number of lives lost. Words of sympathy are but mockery in the presence of a calamity like this. The infinite alone can give consolation and time bring healing on its wings. Ours is a duty of benevolence of mercy and help. Let aid be extended in every form and shape that the heart of humanity can suggest, and let it be done speedily and ungrudgingly. We appeal to all, to every one. In the name of humanity and of a common brotherhood, come up to the rescue. The dead are to be buried, the living fed and cared for. Thousands are homeless and destitute. Here is an opportunity, nay, an urgent demand for liberality, for generosity, for true manhood, to show itself. Do not wait to be solicited; what you do, do quickly. Men and brethren come up to the rescue of this afflicted people.

The writer left Somerset at 11 o'clock Saturday a. m. in a buggy with Mr. Paul Schell, and arrived within sight of the doomed town at 3 o'clock p. m., thinking to drive through Kernville over to the Halbert House; but, alas! on reaching Grubtown, one and one-half miles above Johnstown on the Stonycreek, saw that most of the houses in the little village were either swept away or lying wrecked in the street. On inquiry found ingress to Kernville entirely impossible. Hitching his horse to a fence he wended his way to the B. & O. railroad bridge, the only means of reaching Johnstown or the place where it stood, and then followed the most arduous task of his life in climbing over wrecked buildings, large sawlogs piled one upon another, until arriving opposite the cemetery, and thence finding further progress in that direction impossible, turned up the hill to get on the Bedford pike. Arriving at this point, a glimpse of the unparalleled disaster was caught which no pen could describe. Houses, furniture, clothing, beds, dead horses were strewn all along the long street below.

Pushing his way through crowds of people who had lost houses, furniture, husbands, wives and children, he turned from the head of Bedford street into Adams, the last street running along the steep declivities of Green hill, and finally landed at the Fourth Ward School House, the temporary morgue; around, in and about which were many hundreds of men and women, either bewailing the fate of recognized friends, or anxiously looking for and inquiring about loved ones.

Never can the sad, heart-rending scenes witnessed be effaced from the mind. Of the hundreds of intimate acquaintances of the writer who grasped his hand, not one could restrain the fast-flowing tears. God spare him from another such trying ordeal!

The first to give details was Mr. Frank Benford, proprietor of the Halbert House, who, after assuring the writer that his son, Will, who was reported to be lost, was safe, said, "my mother and sisters, with forty guests and servants, are all gone—myself and two brothers, Lou and Wall, only escaped." John D. Roberts, cashier of the banking firm of Dibert & Co., said Mr. John Dibert and one daughter, if not more of his family, are dead; Harry G. Rose, Pros. Att'y, was drowned, also Judge Potts and family; Mr. McConeghy and family, and all families on Washington street, including the Robbs, Creeds, Shillmans, ex-Sheriff Ryans, and nearly all families along Franklin street from the B. & O. railroad depot out to Main street, and some on Main street from Franklin down; also on Lincoln and Vine streets, and as to Iron street he hardly thought one was left to tell the terrible story.

The next party seen was Mrs. Dr. Yeagly, along side of whom the writer had lived for eight years, who said her family and that of Dr. B. F. Yeagly are all alive, the doctor lying in a little frame building (to which she pointed) from the effects of an injury received in escaping. "Our houses and the one you lived in," she added, "are all ruined."

Cyrus Elder, Esq., was seen among others, who with streaming tears, said his wife and two children were gone, but who, on meeting him at an hour later exclaimed, "My God, worse and worse; all, all gone; all three of my loved children and dear wife!" He was at his brother Virgel's house, he said, at the time of the disaster, and though the house was carried away, they escaped in a way he could hardly remember. Thus the fearful visitations were heard from hundreds of lips. Sometimes the loss would be a mother, then a father, then children. Occasionally an inquiry would be made about the house, but in every instance the reply would come, "Don't mention property; though nothing left but the few clothes now on, that is nothing—nothing in comparison with our bereavement."

As to loss of lives in Kernville, Conemaugh Borough, Woodvale, East Conemaugh, Minersville, Cambria City, Morrellville and Coopersdale, no details could be had. It must be enormous, however, as Conemaugh, Morrellville and Minersville were partially swept away; while Woodvale, Conemaugh Borough and Cambria City are completely destroyed.

In walking over ruined houses and debris from Fourth Ward School House down to Clinton street nothing could be seen along upper part of Locust street, Bedford street or Clinton street to indicate locations of the houses that had been carried away. Clinton street is a barren waste, and scarcely a stone or brick marks the place where the Halbert House stood, as its demolition was so complete. Of the 53 guests and servants, 33 were carried away. The wrecks of Luther's buildings, the Merchant's Hotel, and the brick houses on the other side of Main street, down to Franklin, stand as the sad memorials of the disaster; while all on down to Walnut is a great waste excepting the banks, Alma Hall and Dr. Lowman's house. From there down the fine residences of Mr. John Dibert, W. H. Rose, Esq., Mr. G. T. Swank, of the Tribune, Dr. Lee, Mr. Jacob Friend, Col. Farazer, are all gone. Mr. Frank Hay's beautiful home stands with a partial destruction of one wall. The submerged houses by back water from Walnut street down to Stonycreek, judging from the steps seen above the water, will remain. From Clinton clear down to Walnut street the only buildings left on Washington street are the B. & O. station and the Company's store.

The amount of property losses, including wire mills, will run up into many millions. To what extent the large works of the Cambria Iron Company are injured cannot be conjectured as they are still under water.

In addition to losses of life mentioned reports said that Jacob Swank's, Mr. Lenhart's, Mr. Luckhart's, Dr. Stoutzmann's families, T. J. Swank's wife and sisters, Dr. Lee and family, Dr. L. T. Bean and family, Mrs. Ogle and daughter, Mrs. Horn, Esq. Brady, John H. Fisher, Esq., and family, Mr. P. T. Fisher and family, and a long, long list of others are missing. The names of those who perished in Kernville could not be learned.

It should be said that among other reported losses of Somerset county people are the two Shaffers, but think Russell [Uhl] and Ferg Parker are safe.

Probably the most touching scene witnessed, was the slow and measured tread of men carrying the dead from wrecks of houses to the morgue at the Fourth ward school house. In a walk of twenty minutes, not less than twenty-five corpses were met. Men and women in full dress, but dripping with water and mud were being born along for recognition and interment.

Down at the Pennsylvania railroad stone bridge was a sight that appalled every beholder. It was estimated that from one to three hundred bodies, amid debris, had lodged against it, and were

being slowly consumed by a fire caused by stoves. There was no possible way of recovering them.

Among other questions on the lips of everybody, but which cannot be answered with any degree of clear approximation, is, how many lives were lost? The writer can only say that one party at Johnstown put it as high as ten thousand, and Mr. John D. Roberts said it would probably reach five thousand, and Mr. John Fulton, superintendent of the Cambria Iron works, thought and hoped it would not exceed two thousand. The writer's opinion from what he saw and heard that it would run from three to four thousand.

WASHED UP BY THE FLOOD.

A little before 8 o'clock Saturday evening there floated into the HERALD two weary, worn and foot-sore victims of the flood. They were printers, who had been employed on the Johnstown Tribune, and were at their cases when the flood swept down on the town. Editor Swank and his full force of men, eighteen in number, were all busily engaged getting out the paper for the evening. Their attention was attracted by the roaring of the waters, and one of the men went to the window to look out, and reported that the reservoir had broken.

"We then," says one of the boys, "ran down stairs, without a thought of danger, anxious to see the waters rise. Scarcely had we reached the door when, on locking up the street, we saw first a roof, then a house, rushing down the street. We all ran back to the second story of the building, and went to the front windows, where we could get a view up and down the street. The water, after the first wild rush, rose rapidly at the rate of about a foot a minute, for fifteen or twenty minutes. It came up the stairs about at the rate a man would walk up them; as the water was forced up the Main street a current was formed in the alley above Benschhoff's book store; that in its mad rush knocked in the whole front end of the Tribune office; there was a startled cry, and each man grasped his neighbor, expecting the next moment to be his last; but the rear part of the office stood firm, and in a few minutes a ladder was procured and thrown across to the second story of the Moses building and the whole force crossed over in safety. After some time spent here we all got back to the roof of the Tribune building, and from here we crossed over into the third floor of the Moses building, where we spent the night.

There were 32 or 33 people saved in Moses' building. It was an awful night. Every little while we would hear the crash of a falling wall as some brick building collapsed. In the intense darkness we could not tell if it was ten feet, or a hundred yards away. Every crash was a reminder that the walls of the building in which we had taken refuge were liable to give way, and drop us into the now sullen flood. As each succeeding wall fell most of us rushed to a common centre, as chickens gather around a mother hen when danger threatens. The editor, Mr. G. T. Swank, sat in the rear of the room puffing away at his cigar, as complacently as in his own office. Once, when he walked to a window, he pointed to a building that was being tossed to and fro further down the street, and said: "There goes my house," and resumed his chair and cigar. One man, a mail carrier, in his bare feet, and with his clothes all bedraggled, played the part of a second Nero.

Seating himself at the piano he drummed the "Irish Washerwoman." From an adjoining building came the cry, "Whose voice is that?" "Moses!" went back the reply. "Where was Moses when the light went out?" rang back across the waters. One of the strangest sights was two children that were seen floating around on a roof. Time and time again, assume vast pieces of wreckage floated near them, it was thought that their frail craft must be crushed, but each time it seemed as if some unseen hand had been stretched out to save them, and their place of refuge was swept aside; finally they floated out of our sight, and we do not know whether they were saved or not. When morning came we descended to the top of the piles of debris that filled the street; the first thing our feet touched was a B. & O. freight car; people were busy getting the dead from cellars and other deep pools where they had floated; the scene was one of sickening horror, hands and feet could be seen sticking out of the debris and water; we were glad to get away from the place and started at once for Somerset.

After a supper and a good night's rest they were given sits on the DAILY HERALD and are now sticking type as though they were used to being drowned out of a job.

Two telegrams were received from Rev. Appleton Bash, one by his wife announcing the safety of his father and family and the other telling John H. Uhl that his son Russell was safe, and that 5000 would hardly be the limit of the lives lost.

SWIFT VENGEANCE.

Rumors apparently well founded reach here that thieves are rampant at Johnstown, and that in many cases the dead are mutilated in order to despoil them of their jewelry. It is said that one man caught in the act of cutting a finger from the body of a dead woman, to secure a ring, was promptly shot by an infuriated citizen and his body kicked into the river.

John H. Huston whose daughter went down in the wreck of the Halbert House received word during the morning that her body had been recovered. Mr. Huston has gone to Johnstown and will bring the body to Somerset for burial.

Charles Ogle, son of Mrs. H. M. Ogle, went to his home about nine o'clock in the morning and urged his mother and only sister, Minnie, to leave the house, as the first floor was covered with two feet of water at that time. He was standing at the corner of Main and Clinton streets when he saw the great volume of water sweeping down on him and he ran up Main street to the steep hill above. He was caught by the water and immersed to the neck before he reached a place of safety.

SOME OF THE LOST.

- John Dibert, Mrs. Sue Weaver, B'anche Weaver, Rev. Diller and family, Mrs. Jacob Frohnizer and two children, Mrs. Carl Werner and family, Mr. Butler, assistant treasurer Cambria Iron Company, Mrs. Geo. Hager and two children, Walter Hoopes, and family, Mr. Hoopes was Superintendent of works at Moxham, Mrs. Ketchenstein, Mrs. George Statter, and two grown daughters, Jacob Swank and family, except three boys, Dr. L. T. Beam, "W. C. Beam, John H. Fisher, Justice of the Peace; wife and two children, — Rutledge, Mr. Kress, brewer, Mrs. H. M. Ogle, Miss Minnie Ogle, Mrs. M. E. Hurst, Nat. C. Hurst, Emily O. Hurst, Richard Jones, ex-Burgess of Conemaugh Borough, John Burks, and wife, Minnie Houston, daughter of John H. Huston, of Somerset, Mrs. H. B. Aarons and child, of Bedford county, Mrs. Robert Nixon and three children, J. Z. Little of Pittsburgh, salesman for L. H. Smith & Co., Mrs. Cyrus Elder and three children, John Fenn and seven children; his wife the only member of the family left, Miss Grace Garman, daughter of Dr. Garman, of Berlin, — Clarkson, salesman for Posey & Co., Philadelphia, Rose Foster, sister of Mr. Foster of Geis, Foster and Quinn, Mrs. Millie Hamilton and two children, Samuel Eldridge, policeman, Mr. Humm, insurance agent, Harry Rose, district attorney, James Slater, druggist, Mrs. Strayer and family, Mrs. Morris Wolf, burned to death in the Catholic church, John Bowman and family, Elmer Brinkley, Dr. Gasper Brinkley, Emil Young, James Davis, — Luckhart, Miss Richards of Michigan, Miss Mary Hamilton, Miss Jessie Hamilton, Miss Laura Hamilton, John Brady, Esq., John Shifeman and family, Ex-Sheriff Ryan and family, David Creed and family, John Robb and family, William Lenhart and family, Judge Potts and family, Rev. James Lane, Mr. McConeghy and family, Samuel Shaffer.

MARTIAL LAW.

Latest advices from Johnstown are to the effect that martial law has been declared and that General D. H. Hastings has taken command. Troops have been ordered to the scene and were expected last night; in the meantime Gen. Hastings, assisted by Mr. Ferg G. Parker, is busy swearing in extra police and placing them on guard. Several car loads of uniformed troops passed through this place from Pittsburgh at 10 o'clock.

The HERALD has gratified its many friends and set a very rapid gait for contemporaries to imitate during the past week. In its desire that the good people of the county should get all the news in their favorite paper it commenced in the beginning of the week to publish a daily, giving full details of the important robbery, murder and other cases on trial in our county courts. The amount of original matter published has simply astounded our contemporaries. On the receipt of the first rumor of the floods at Johnstown the HERALD put a reporter in the saddle and Saturday night published a full page extra filled with the details of the horrible disaster. Saturday afternoon additional reporters were dispatched to Johnstown and this morning we lay the accounts of the flood as given by persons who passed through it before our readers. Unlike the matter in the city dailies yesterday it is not mere fancies conjured up by reporters miles from the scene of accident but the testimony of eye witnesses.

I have just received a new lot of carpets and can now sell an all wool two ply carpet for 50 cents per yard, that was worth 67. Call and get a bargain before they are all gone at

J. B. SKYDERS.

GET THE BEST!
—AT—
VOUGHT'S.

PRICES DEFY COMPETITION!

Special Preparation for This Week!

- BEST GROCERIES, BEST CONFECTIONERIES, BEST FRUITS, BEST NUTS, BEST SOFT DRINKS, BEST SANDWICHES, BEST PIES and CAKES, BEST TREATMENT, BEST OF EVERYTHING, AT THE BEST GROCERY IN SOMERSET.

Fresh Green Groceries Every Morning.

VOUGHT'S.

THEY CAN'T BEAT US!

Our name has been a household word throughout Somerset county for three generations and it has always been the recognized head of the Dry Goods Trade.

WE LEAD!

And will continue to lead, where merit is rewarded and confidence is not misplaced.

Our business has outgrown its quarters and we will have a

THIRTY-FOOT ADDITION added to our already large store-room inside of sixty days.

We are constantly making **SPECIAL DRIVES** in some particular line for the benefit of our customers.

Call and see us during the week, we have

A BARGAIN FOR YOU!

Respectfully,
Parker & Parker.

MOWERS!
BINDERS!
HAY RAKES!

Don't Fail To See

WHITELY'S NEW IMPROVED

Champion Mower and Binder,

On the Street Every Day This Week; Also

The Champion Hay Rake.

ALL GUARANTEED THE

BEST ON EARTH!

AND AGAINST ANY OTHERS MADE.

Before you leave town be sure and go to

J. B. HOLDERBAUM'S

HARDWARE STORE,

And examine his stock of

HARDWARE, BUGGIES, HARNESS, & C.

You will find it on

MAIN CROSS STREET,

ON THE WAY TO THE COURT HOUSE.